Then tell me what doth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my Liege, I cannot gueſſe.
King. Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſſe wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
King. Where is thy power then to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ſhips.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue their ſoueraigne in the Weſt.
Dar. They haue not been commanded mightie ſoueraign,
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe?
King. I, I, thou wouldſt begone to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not truſt you ſir.
Dar. Moſt mightie ſoueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be falſe.
King. Well, go muſter men; but heare you, leaue behind
Your ſon *George Stanley*, looke your faith be firme:
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Gratious ſoueraigne, now in *Deuonſhire*,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My liege, in *Kent* the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors.
Flocke to their aide, and ſtill their power encreaſeth.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He ſtriketh him.

King.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing but ſongs of death.
Take that vntill you bring me better newes.
Meſ. Your Grace miſtakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by ſudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of *Buckinghams* armie is diſperſt and ſcattered,
And he himſelfe fled no man knowes whither.
King. O I cry you mercie, I did miſtake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him:
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham*?
Meſ. Such proclamation hath been made my liege.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marques *Dorſet*,
Tis ſaid my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittaine Nauie is diſperſt, *Richmond* in *Dorſetſhire*,
Sent out a boat to aske them on the ſhore,
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or no:
Who anſwered him they came from *Buckingham*
Vpon his partie: he miſtruſting them,
Hoiſt ſaile, and made away for Brittaine.
King. March on, march on, ſince we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beat downe theſe rebels here at home.

Enter Catesbie.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
Thats the beſt newes, that the Earle of *Richmond*
Is with a mightie power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, yet they muſt be told.
King. Away towards *Salisbury*, while we reaſon here,
A royall battell might be wonne and loſt.
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the reſt march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Chriſtopher.

Dar. Sir *Criſtopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the ſtie of this moſt bloudie Bore,
My ſon *George Stanley* is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuoult, off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, with-holds my preſent aide,

But